MOTHER BOMBIE.

As it was sundrie times plaied by the Children of Powles.

LONDON,
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for Cuthbert Burby.
1594.

Mother Bombie

Memphio supposed father of Acceus, & real father of Mysteries.

Shallus supposed father of Silena & real father of Serena.

Dossius father of Livia.

Sperantes father of Candius

Candius ~~stepbrother~~ son of Sperantes, in love with Lucia

Mysteries, supposed son of Vicinia, but really son of Memphio.

Lucia, servant to Candius

Acceus, servant to Memphio

Sciris servant to Shallus

Halfpenny a boy waiting on Sperantes

Twopence a boy waiting on Dossius

Lysander, Master & Adapter, 3 fiddlers. Hackum & Vicinia, mother to Acceus & Silena

Candius.

Livia daughter of Dossius, in love with supposed ~~d.~~ of Shallus, but really d. of Vicinia

Silena, ~~d.~~ daughter of Shallus

Serena supposed d. of Vicinia, but really Shallus

Mother Bombie, a very old woman

+ a Serjeant. + Scrivener.

Scene, Orchestra,

Lin.

A pleasant conceited Comœdie, called Mother Bombie.

Actus primus. Scena prima.

Memphio. Dromio.

Memphio.
O Y, there are three thinges that make my life miserable, a threed bare purse, a curst wife, & a foole to my heire.

Dromio. Why then sir, there are three medicines for these three malaladies: a pike-staffe to take a purse on the high way, a holy wand to brush cholar frō my mistres tong, and a young wench for my yong master: so that as your Worship being wise begot a foole, so he beeing a foole may tread out a wise man.

Memp. I but *Dromio*, these medicines bite hot on great mischiefs, for so might I haue a rope about my necke, hornes vpon my head, and in my house a litter of fooles.

Dro. Then sir you had best let some wise man sit on your sonne, to hatch him a good wit: they saie,

if rauens sit on hens egs the chickens will be black, and so forth.

Memp. Why boy, my sonne is out of the shell, and is growen a pretie cocke.

Drom. Carue him master, & make him a capon, els all your breed will proue cockescombes.

Memph. I maruell he is such an asse, hee takes it not of his father.

Dro. He may for anie thing you know.

Mem. Why villain doest thou think me a foole?

Dro. O no sir, neither are you sure that you are his father.

Memp. Rascall, doest thou imagine thy mistres naught of her bodie?

Dro. No, but fantasticall of her mind, and it may be, when this boy was begotten shee thought of a foole, & so conceiued a foole, your selfe beeing verie wise, and she surpassing honest.

Mem. It may be, for I haue heard of an Aethiopian, that thinking of a faire picture, brought forth a faire ladie, and yet no bastard.

Drom. You are well read sir, your sonne may be a bastard and yet legitimate, your selfe a cuckold, & yet my mistres vertuous, all this in conceit.

Mem. Come *Dromio*, it is my grief to haue such a sonne that must inherit my lands.

Dro. He needs not sir, Ile beg him for a foole.

Mem. Vile boy, thy yong master?

Dro. Let me haue in a deuice.

Mem. Ile haue thy aduice, and if it fadge, thou shalt eate, thou shalt sweate, play till thou sleep, and sleepe till thy bones ake.

Dro. I marie, now you tickle me, I am both hungrie, gamesome, & sleepie, and all at once, Ile breake this head against the wal but Ile make it bleed good matter.

Mem. Then this it is, thou knowest I haue but one sonne, and he is a foole.

Dro. A monstrous foole.

Memp. A wife and she an arrand scold.

Dro. Ah master I smell your deuice, it will be excellent.

Mem. Thou canst not know it till I tell it.

Dro. I see it through your braines, your haire is so thin, and your scull so transparant, I may sooner see it than heare it.

Mem. Then boy hast thou a quicke wit, and I a slow tongue, but what ist?

Dro. Marie either you would haue your wiues tong in your sons head, that he might bee a prating foole, or his braines in hir brain pan, that she might be a foolish scold.

Mem. Thou dreamst *Dromio*, there is no such matter, thou knowest I haue kept him close, so that my neighbors thinke him to be wise, and her to be temperate, because they neuer heard them speake.

Dro. Well.

Mem. Thou knowest that *Stellio* hath a good farme and a faire daughter, yea so faire, that she is mewed vp, and onely looketh out at the windows, least she should by some roisting courtier be stollen away.

Dro. So sir.

Mem. Now if I could compasse a match between my sonne and *Stellios* daughter by conference of

vs parents, and without theirs, I ſhould be bleſſed, he cooſned, and thou for euer ſet at libertie.

Dro. A ſingular conceit.

Mem. Thus much for my ſonne. Nowe for my wife, I would haue this kept from her, elſe ſhal I not be able to keepe my houſe from ſmoake, for let it come to one of her eares, & then wo to both mine: I would haue her goe to my houſe into the Countrie whileſt we conclude this, and this once done, I care not if her tong neuer haue done: theſe if thou canſt effect, thou ſhalt make thy matter happie.

Dro. Thinke it done, this noddle ſhall coin ſuch new deuice as you ſhall haue your ſonne marryed py to morrow.

Mem. But take heed, that neither the father nor the maide ſpeak to my ſonne, for then his folly will marre all.

Dro. Lay all the eare on mee, *Subleuabo te onere*, I will rid you of a foole.

Mem. Wilt thou rid me for a foole?

Dro. Tuſh, quarrell not.

Mem. Then for the dowrie, let it bee at leaſt two hundreth ducats, and after his death the farme.

Dro. What elſe?

Mem. Then let vs in, that I may furniſh thee with ſome better counſell, and my ſonne with better apparell.

Dro. Let me alone, I lacke but a wagge more to make of my counſell, and then you ſhall ſee an exquiſite cooſnage, & the father more foole than the ſonne. But heare you ſir, I forgot one thing.

Mem. Whats that?

Dro.

Dro. Nay, *Expellas furca licet vsque recurret.*

Mem. Whats the meaning?

Dro. Why though your sons folly bee thrust vp with a paire of hornes on a forke, yet being naturall it will haue his course.

Mem. I praie thee no more, but about it. *Exeunt.*

Act. 2. Sce. 2.

Stellio. *Riscio.*

Stel. Risio, my daughter is passing amiable, but verie simple.

Ri. You meane a foole sir.

Stel. Faith I implie so much.

Ri. Then I apply it fit: the one shee takes of her father, the other of her mother, now you may bee sure she is your owne.

Stel. I haue penned her vp in a chamber, hauing onely a windowe to looke out, that youthes seeing her fayre cheekes, may be enamoured before they heare her fond speech. How likest thou this head?

Ri. There is verie good workmanship in it, but the matter is but base, if the stuffe had bene as good as the mold, your daughter had bene as wise as she is beautifull

Stel. Doest thou thinke she tooke her foolishnes of mee?

Ri. I, & so cunningly, that she toke it not frō you.

Stel. Well, *Quod natura dedit tollere nemo potest.*

Ri. A good euidence to proue the fee-simple of your daughters folly.

Stel. Why?

Ri. It came by nature, and if none can take it awaie, it is perpetuall.

Stel. Nay *Riſcio*, ſhe is no natural foole, but in this conſiſteth her ſimplicitie, that ſhe thinketh her ſelfe ſelfe ſubtile in this her rudeneſſe, that ſhe imagines ſhe is courtly, in this the ouerſhooting of her ſelfe, that ſhe ouerweeneth of her ſelfe.

Ri. Well, what followes?

Stel. *Riſio* this is my plot, *Memphio* hath a pretie ſtripling to his ſonne, whom with cockring he hath made wanton, his girdle muſt be warmde, the ayre muſt not breath on him, he muſt lie a bed til noon, and yet in his bed breake his faſt, that which I doe to conceale the folly of my daughter, that doth hee in too much cockering of his ſonne. Now *Riſio* how ſhall I compaſſe a match betweene my girle and his boy?

Ri. Why with a payre of compaſſes, and bring them both into the circle, Ile warrant the'il match themſelues.

Stel. Tuſh, plot it for me, that neuer ſpeaking one to another, they be in loue one with another, I like not ſolemne woing, it is for courtiers, let countrie folkes beleeue others reports as much as their own opinions.

Ri. O then, ſo it be a match you care not.

Stel. Not I, nor for a match neither, were it not I thirſt after my neighbors farme.

Ri. A verie good nature. Well, if by flat wit I bring this to paſſe, whats my reward?

Stel. Whatſoeuer thou wilt aske.

Ri. Ile aske no more than by my wit I can get in the

the bargaine.

Stel. Then about it. *Exit.*

Ri. If I come not about you neuer truſt mee, Ile ſeeke out *Dromio*, the counſeller of my conceit.

Act. 1. Sce. 3.

Priſius. *Sperantus.*

Priſ. It is vnneighbourly done to ſuffer your ſon ſince hee came from ſchoole to ſpende his time in loue, and vnwiſely done to let him houer ouer my daughter, who hath nothing to her downe but her needle, & muſt proue a Sempſter, nor he any thing to take to but a Grammer, and cannot at the beſt be but a ſchoolemaſter.

Spe. Priſius, you bite and whine, wring me on the withers, and yet winch your ſelfe, it is you that goe about to match my girle with my boy, ſhee beeing more fit for ſeames than for marriage, and hee for a rod than a wife.

Pri. Her birth requires a better bridegrome than ſuch a groome.

Spe. And his bringing vp another gate marriage than ſuch a minion.

Pri. Marie gup, I am ſure he hath no better bread than is made of wheat, nor worne finer cloth than is made of woll, nor learned better manners than are taught in ſchooles.

Spe. Nor your minxe had no better grandfather than a Tailer, who (as I haue heard) was poore and proud: nor a better father than your ſelfe, vnleſſe

your wife borrowed a better to make hir daughter a Gentlewoman.

Pri. Twit not me with my ancestors, nor my wiues honestie, if thou doest.

Spe. Hold thy hands still thou hadst best, & yet it is impossible now I remēber, for thou hast the palsy

Pri. My handes shake so, that wert thou in place where, I would teach thee to cog.

Spe. Nay, if thou shake thy hands, I warrant thou canst not teach anie to cog. But neighbour, let not two olde fooles fall out for two yong wantons.

Pri. In deed it becōmeth men of our experience to reason, not raile: to debate the matter, not to combat it.

Spe. Wel, then this Ile tel thee friendly, I haue almost these two yeres cast in my head, how I might match my princockes with *Stellios* daughter, whom I haue heard to be verie faire, and know shal be verie rich, she is his heire, he doats, he is stooping old, and shortly must die, yet by no meanes, either by blessing or cursing can I win my sonne to be a woer, which I know proceeds not of bashfulnesse but stubbornnesse, for hee knowes his good though I saie it, he hath wit at will: as for his personage, I care not who sees him, I can tell you he is able to make a Ladies mouth water if she winke not.

Pri. Stay *Sperantus*, this is like my case, for I haue bene tampering as long to haue a marriage cōmitted betweene my wench and *Memphios* only son, they saie he is as goodly a youth as one shall see in a Summers daie, and as neate a stripling as euer went on neats leather, his father will not let him be forth

of

of his sight, he is so tender ouer him, he eye-dies with his mother for catching cold. Now my pretie elfe, as proud as the day is long, she will none of him, she forsooth wil choose her owne husband, made marriages proue mad marriages, shee will choose with her eie and like with her heart before she consent with her tong, neither father nor mother, kith nor kin shalbe her caruer in a husband, shee will fall too where she likes best, and thus the chicke scarce out of the shell cackles as though she had bene troden with an hundreth cockes, and mother of a thousand egges.

Spe. Well then this is our best, seeing we knowe each others minde, to deuise to gouerne our owne children, for my boy, Ile keepe him to his bookes, & studie shall make him leaue to loue, Ile breake him of his will or his bones with a cudgell.

Pri. And Ile no more dandle my daughter, shee shall prick on a clout till her fingers ake, or Ile cause her leaue to make my heart ake. But in good time, though with ill lucke, behold if they be not both together, let vs stand close and heare all, so shall we preuent all.

Enter Candius and Livia.

Spe. This happens pat, take heed you cough not *Priam.*

Pri. Tush spunne you, & Ile warrant I my beard is as good as a handkerchiefe.

Livia. Sweet *Candius*, if thy father should see vs alone, would he not fret? The old man me thinkes should be full of fumes.

Cand. Tush, let him fret one heart string against another, he shal neuer trouble the least vaine of my

little finger, the old churle thinkes none wise, vnles he haue a beard hang dagling to his waſt, when my face is bedaubed with haire as his, then perchance my conceit may ſtumble on his ſtaiednes.

Pri. I, in what booke read you that leſſon.

Spe. I know not in what booke hee read it, but I am ſure he was a knaue to learne it.

Can. I beleeue faire *Liuia*, if your foure ſire ſhuld ſee you with your ſweet heart, he would not be verie patient.

Liu. The care is taken, Ile aske him bleſſing as a father, but neuer take counſel for an husband, there is as much oddes betweene my golden thoughts, & his leaden aduice, as betweene his ſiluer haires and my amber lockes, I know hee will cough for anger that I yeeld not, but he ſhall cough mee a foole for his labour.

Spe. Where pickt your daughter that worke, out of broad-ſtitch?

Pri. Out of a flirts ſampler, but let vs ſtay the end, this is but the beginning, you ſhall heare two children well brought vp.

Cand. Parents in theſe daies are growen pieuiſh, they rocke their children in their cradles till they ſleepe, and croſſe them about their bridals till their hearts ake. Marriage among them is become a market, what will you giue with your daughter? What Ioynter will you make for your ſonne? And many a match is broken off for a penie more or leſſe, as though they could not afford their children at ſuch a price, when none ſhould cheapen ſuch ware, but affection, and none buy it but loue.

Spe. Lear-

Spe. Learnedly and ſcholerlike.

Liu. In deed our parents take great care to make vs aske bleſſing and ſay grace when as we are lyttle ones, and growing to yeeres of iudgement they depriue vs of the greateſt bleſſing, and the moſt gracious things to our mindes, the libertie of our minds: they giue vs pap with a ſpoon before we can ſpeak, and when wee ſpeake for that wee loue, pap with a hatchet: becauſe their fanſies beeing growen muſty with hoarie age, therefore nothing can reliſh in their thoughtes that ſauours of ſweet youth: they ſtudie twentie yeeres together to make vs grow as ſtraight as a wande, and in the ende by bowing vs make vs as crooked as a cammocke. For mine owne part (ſweet *Candius*) they ſhall pardon me, for I will meaſure my loue by min owne indgement, not my fathers purſe or peeuiſhnes. Nature hath made me his child, not his ſlaue, I hate *Memphio* and his ſon deadly, if I wiſt he would place his affection by his fathers appointment.

Pri. Wittily but vnciuily.

Can. Be of that minde ſtill my faire *Liuia*, let our fathers lay their purſes together, we our harts, I wil neuer woo where I cannot loue, let *Stellio* inioy his daughter. But what haue you wrought here?

Liu. Flowers, fowles, beaſts, fiſhes, trees, plants, ſtones, and what not. Among flowers, cowſlops & lillyes for our names *Candius* and *Liuia*. Among fowles, Turtles and Sparrowes, for our truth and deſires. Among beaſts, the foxe and the Ermin for beautie and policie, and among fiſhes the cockle & the Torcale, becauſe of Venus among trees, the

vine wreathing about the elme for our embracings. Among stones Abestor, which being hot wil neuer be colde, for our constancies. Among plants, Time and harts-ease, to note that if we take time we shall ease our hearts.

Pri. Theres a girle that knowes her lerripoope.

Spe. Listen & you shall heare my sons learning.

Liu. What booke is that?

Can. A fine pleasant poet, who entreateth of the arte of Loue, and of the remedie.

Liu. Is there arte in loue?

Can. A short art & a certain, three rules in 3. lines.

Liu. I praie thee repeat them.

Can. Principio quod amare velis reperire labora,
Proximus huic labor est placidam exorare puellam,
Tertius vt longo tempore ducet amor.

Liu. I am no Latinist *Cand.* you must conster it.

Can. So I will and pace it too: thou shalt be acquainted with case, gender, and number. First one must finde out a mistres, whom before all others he voweth to serue. Secondly, that he vse al the means that he may to obtaine her. And the last with deserts, faith and secrecie to studie to keepe her.

Liu: Whats the remedie?

Can: Death.

Liu: What of all the booke is the conclusion?

Can: This one verse, *Non caret effectu quod volu-ere duo!*

Liu: Whats that?

Can: Where two are agreed, it is impossible but they must speed.

Liu: Then cannot we misse, therefore giue me

thy

thy hand *Candius*.

Pri. Soft *Liuia*, take mee with you, it is not good in lawe without witnes.

Spe. And as I remember there muſt be two witneſſes, God giue you ioy *Candius*, I was worth the bidding to dinner, though not worthy to be of the counſell.

Pri. I thinke this hot loue hath prouided but cold cheere.

Spe. Tuſh, in loue is no lacke, but bluſh not *Candius*, you neede not bee aſhamed of your cunning, you haue made loue a booke caſe, and ſpent your time well at ſchoole, learning to loue by arte, and hate againſt nature, but I perceiue, the worſer child the better louer.

Pri. And my minion hath wrought well, where euery ſtitch in her ſampler is a pricking ſtitch at my heart: you take your pleaſure on parents, they are peeuiſh, fooles, churles, ouergrowen with ignorance, becauſe ouerworne with age, litle ſhalt thou know the caſe of a father before thy ſelfe be a mother, when thou ſhalt breed thy childe with continuall paines, and bringing it foorth with deadly pangs, nurſe it with thine owne paps, and nouriſh it vp with motherly tendernes, and then finde them to curſe thee with their hearts, when they ſhoulde aske bleſſing on their knees, and the collop of thine owne bowels to be the torture of thine owne ſoul, with teares trickling downe thy checkes, and drops of bloud falling from thy heart, thou wilt in vttering of thy minde wiſh them rather vnborne than vnnatural, & to haue had their cradles their graues

rather

rather than thy death their bridals. But I will not dispute what thou shouldst haue done, but correct what thou hast done, I perceiue sowing is an idle exercise, and that euerie daie there come more thoughtes into thine head, than stitches into thy worke, Ile see whether you can spin a better mind than you haue stitched, and if I coope you not vp, then let me be the capon.

Spe. As for you sir boy, in stead of poaring on a booke, you shall holde the plough, Ile make repentance reape what wantonnesse hath sowen, but we are both well serued, the sonnes must bee masters, the fathers gaffers, what wee get together with a rake, they cast abroade with a forke, and wee must wearie our legges to purchase our children armes. Well, seeing that booking is but idlenesse, Ile see whether threshing be anie occupation, thy minde shall stoope to my fortune, or mine shall break the lawes of nature. How like a micher he standes, as though he had trewanted from honestie, get thee in, and for the rest let me alone. In villaine.

Pri. And you pretie minx, that must be fed with loue vpon sops, Ile take an order to cram you with sorrowes, get you in without looke or reply.

Exeunt Candius, Liuia.

Spe. Let vs follow, and deale as rigorously with yours as I will with mine, and you shall see that hot loue wil wax soone colde, Ile tame the proud boy, and send him as far from his loue as hee is from his duetie.

Pri. Let vs about it, and also go on with matching them to our mindes, it was happie that we preuented

uented that by chance, which we could neuer yet suspect by circumstance. *Exeunt.*

Act. 2. Sce. 1.

Dromio. *Risio.*

Dro. Now if I could meete with *Risio*, it were a world of waggery.

Ri. Oh that it were my chance *Obuiam dare Dromio*, to stumble vpon *Dromio*, on whome I doo nothing but dreame.

Dro. His knauerie and my wit should make our masters that are wise fooles, their children that are fooles beggers, and vs two that are bond free.

Ri. He to cosin, & I to coniure, would make such alterations, that our masters shuld serue themselues, the ideots their children serue vs, and we to wake our wits betweene them all.

Dr. Hem quàm opportune, looke if he drop not ful in my dish.

Risio. Lupus in fabula, Dromio imbrace me, hugge me, kisse my hand, I must make thee fortunate.

Dro. Risio, honor me, kneele downe to mee, kisse my feet, I must make thee blessed.

Ri. My master olde *Stellio* hath a foole to his daughter.

Dro. Nay my master olde *Memphio* hath a foole to his sonne.

Ri. I must conuey a controct.

Dro. And I must conuey a contract.

Ri. Betweene her and *Memphios* sonne, with-

out ſpeaking one to another.

Dro. Betweene him and Stellios daughter without one ſpeaking to the other.

Ri. Doeſt thou mocke me *Dromio?*

Dro. Thou doeſt me elſe.

Ri. Not I forall this is true.

Dro. And all this.

Ri. Then are we both driuen to our wits endes, for if either of them had bin wiſe, wee might haue tempered, if no marriage, yet a cloſe marriage.

Dro. Well, let vs ſharpen our accounts, ther's no better grindſtone for a young mans head; than to haue it whet vppon an olde mans purſe. Oh thou ſhalt ſee my knauerie ſhaue lyke a raſor!

Ri. Thou for the edge, and I the point wil make the loole beſtride our miſtres backs, and then haue at the bagge with the dudgin haſte, that is, at the dudgen dagger, by which hanges his tantonie pouch.

Drom. Theſe old huddles haue ſuch ſtrong purſes with locks, when they ſhut them they go off like a ſnaphance.

Ri. The olde faſhion is beſt, a purſe with a ring round about it, as a circle to courſe a knaues hande from it: but *Dromio*, two they ſaie may keep counſell, is one be awaie: but to conuey knauerie, two are too few, and foure too many.

Dro. And in good time, looke where *Halfepenie Sperantus* boy commeth, though bound vp in *decimoſexto* for carriage, yet a wit in *folio* for cooſnage: Single *Halfepenie*, what newes are now currant?

Enter Halfepenie.

Halfepenie. Nothing but that ſuch double coy- 4
ſtrels as you be are counterfeit?

Riſ. Are you ſo dapper, weele ſende you for an Halfepenie loafe.

Halfepen. I ſhall goe for ſiluer though, when you you ſhall be nailed vp for ſlips. 4

Dro. Thou art a ſlipſtring Ile warrant.

Half. I hope you ſhall neuer flip ſtring, but hang ſteddie.

Ri. Dromio looke heere, now is my hand on my halfepenie.

Half. Thou lyeſt, thou haſt not a farthing to laie thy hands on, I am none of thine: but let mee bee wagging, my head is full of hammers, & they haue ſo maletted my wit, that I am almoſt a malcontent.

Dro. Why, whats the matter?

Half. My maſter hath a fine ſcholer to his ſonne, *Priſius* a fayre laſſe to his daughter.

Dro. Well.

Half They two loue one another deadly.

Riſ. In good time.

Half. The fathers haue put them vp, vtterly diſliking the match, and haue appointed the one ſhall haue *Memphios* ſonne, the other *Stellios* daughter, this workes lyke waxe, but how it will fadge in the end, the hen that ſits next the cocke cannot tell.

Riſ. If thou haue but anie ſpice of knauery wele make thee happie.

Halfe. Tush, doubt not of mine, I am as full for my pitch as you are for yours, a wrens egge is as ful of meat as a goose eg, though there be not so much in it; you shal find this head wel stuft, though there went little stuffe to it.

Dro. Laudo ingenium; I lyke thy sconce, then harken: *Memphio* made me of his counsell about marriage of his sonne to *Stellios* daughter, *Stellio* made *Risetio* acquainted to plot a match with *Memphios* sonne. To be short, they be both fooles.

Half. But they are not fooles that bee short, if I thought thou meantst so, *Senties qui vir sim*, Thou shouldst haue a crow to pull.

Ri. Be not angrie Halfepenie, for fellowship we will be all fooles, and forgaine all knaues. But why doest thou laugh?

Half. At mine owne conceit and quicke censure.

Ri. Whats the matter?

Half. Sodainly me thought you two were asses, and that the least asse was the more asse.

Ri. Thou art a foole, that cannot be.

Half. Yea, my yong master taught me to proue it by learning, and so I can out of Ouid by a verse.

Ri. Prethee how?

Half. You must first for fashion sake confes your selues to be asses.

Dro. Well.

Half. Then stand you here and you there.

Ri. Go to.

Half. Then this is the verse as I point it, *Cum mala per longas inualuere moras*. So you see the least asse is the more asse.

Ri. Weele bite thee for an apé if thou bob vs lyke asses. But to end all, if thou wilt ioyne with vs, we will make a match betweene the two fooles, for that must be our tasks, and thou shalt deuise to couple *Candius & Liuia*, by ouer-reaching their fathers.

Half. Let me alone, *Non enim mea pigra iuuentus*, there's matter in this noddle.

Enter Lucio.

But looke where Prisius boy comes, as fit as a pudding for a dogs mouth.

Liu. Pop three knaues in a sheath, Ile make it a right Tunbridge case, and be the bodkin.

Ri. Nay the bodkin is heere alreadie, you must be the knife.

Half. I am the bodkin, looke well to your eares, I must boare them.

Dro. Mew thy tongue or weele cut it out, this I speake representing the person of a knife, as thou didst that in shadow of a bodkin.

Liu. I must be gone, *Tædet*, it irketh, *Oportet*, it behoueth my wits worke like barme, alias yest, alias sizing, alias rising, alias Gods good.

Hal. The new wine is in thine head, yet was hee faine to take this metaphor from ale, and now you talke of ale, let vs all to the wine.

Dro. Foure makes a messe, and we haue a messe of masters that must be cosned, let vs lay our heads together, they are married and cannot.

Half. Let vs consult at the Tauerne, where after to the health of Memphio, drinke we to the life of Stellio, I carouse to Prisius, & brinch you mas Sperantus, we shall cast vs our accounts and discharge

our ſtomackes, like men that can diſgeſt any thing.

Lu. I ſee not yet what you go about.

Dro. *Lucio* that can pearce a mud wall of twentie foote thicke, would make vs beleeue he cannot ſee a candle through a paper lanthorne, his knauerie is beyond Ela, & yet he ſayes he knowes not Gam vt.

Lu. I am readie, if anie coſnage be ripe, Ile ſhake the tree.

Half. Nay, I hope to ſee thee ſo ſtrong, to ſhake three trees at once.

Dro. We burne time, for I muſt giue a reckning of my dayes worke, let vs cloſe to the buſh *ad deliberandum*.

Half. In deede *Inter pocula philoſophandum*, it is good to plea among pots.

plot
See B2
vino

Ri. Thine will be the worſt, I feare we ſhall leaue a halfepenie in hand.

Half. Why, ſayeſt thou that thou haſt left a print deeper in thy hand alreadie than a halfpenie canne leaue, vnles it ſhould ſing worſe than an hot yron.

Lu. All friendes, and ſo let vs ſing tis a pleaſant thing to goe into the tauerne, cleering the throate.

Sang. * *Exeunt.*

Act. 2. Sce. 2.

Enter Memphio alone.

Mem. I maruell I heare no newes of *Dromio*, either he ſlackes the matter, or betrayes his maſter, I dare not motion anie thing to *Stellio* till I knowe what my boy hath don; Ile hunt him out; if the loiterſacke be gone ſpringing into a tauerne, Ile fetch him reeling out. *Exit.*

Enter

Song.

Omnes. IO Bacchus! *To thy Table*
Then call'ſt every drunken
Rabble,
We already are ſtiffe Drinkers,
Then ſeale vs for thy iolly Skinckers.
Dro. *Wine, O Wine!*
O Iuyce Diuine!
How do'ſt thou the Nowle refine!
Riſ. *Plump thou mak'ſt mens Rubie*
faces,
And from Girles canſt fetch embraces;
Half. *By thee our Noſes ſwell,*
With ſparkling Carbuncle.
Luc. *O the deare bloud of Grapes,*
Turnes vs to Anticke ſhapes,
Now to ſhew trickes like Apes.
Dro. *Now Lion-like to rore,*
Riſ. *Now Goatiſhly to whore,*
Half. *Now Hoggiſhly ith' mire.*
Luc. *Now ſtinging Hats ith' fire.*
Omnes. Iô Bacchus! *at thy Table,*
Make vs of thy Reeling Rabble.

Enter Stellio alone.

Stel. Without doubt *Risio* hath gone beyond himselfe, in casting beyond the Moone, I feare the boy be runne mad with studying, for I know hee loued me so well, that for my fauour hee will venture to runne out of his wits, and it may be, to quicken his inuention, hee is gone into this Iuy-bush, a notable neast for a grape owle, Ile firret him out, yet in the end vse him friendly, I cannot be merrie till I heare whats done in the marriages. Exit.

Enter Prisius alone.

Pri. I thinke *Lucia* be gone a squirelling, but Ile squirell him for it, I sent him on my arrande, but I must goe for an answere my selfe, I haue tied vp the louing worme my daughter, and will see whether fansie can worme fansie out of her head, this green nosegaie I feare my boy hath smelt to, for if he get but a penny in his purse, he turnes it sodainly into Argentum potabile, I must search euery place for him, for I stand on thornes till I heare what he hath done. *Exit.*

Enter Speransus alone.

Spe. Well, be as bee may is no banning, *I* thinke *I* haue charmde my yong master, a hungry meale, a ragged coate, & a drie cudgell, haue put him quite beside his loue and his logick to, besides his pigsnie is put vp, & therefore now Ile let him take the aire, and follow *Stellios* daughter with all his learning, if he meane to be my heire, the boye hath wit sance measure, more than needs, cats meat & dogs meate inough for the vantage. Well, without *Halfepenie* all my witte is not woorth a dodkin, that mite

is

is miching in this groue, for as long as his name is Halfepenie, he will bee banquetting, for thether Halfepenie. *Exit.*

Act. 2. Sce. 3.

Candius. *Silena.*

Cand. He must needs goe that the deuill driues, a father, a fiend, that seekes to place affection by appointment, & to force loue by compulsion, I haue sworne to woo Sylena, but it shall be so coldly, that she shall take as small delight in my wordes, as I do contentment in his commandement, Ile teach him one schoole tricke in loue. But behold who is that that commeth out of Stellios house, it should seem to be *Silena* by her attire,

Enter Silena.

by her face I am sure it is she, oh faire face, oh louely countenance! How now Candius, if thou begin to slip at beautie on a sodaine, thou wilt surfet with carousing it at the last. Remember that Liuia is faithfull, I, and let thine eyes witnesse Silena is amiable, heere shall I please my father and my selfe, I wyll learne to be obedient, & come what will, Ile make away, if shee seeme coy, Ile practise all the arte of loue, if I her cunning, all the pleasures of loue.

Sile. My name is Silena I care not who knowe it, so *I* doo not: my father keeps me close, so he does, and now *I* haue stolne out, so I haue, to goe to olde Mother Bombie to know my fortune, so *I* wil, for I haue as fayre a face as euer trode on shoo sole, and

as free a foote as euer look't with two eyes.

Cand. What, I thinke she is lunatike or fooliſh? Thou art a foole *Candius*, ſo faire a face cannot bee the ſcabbard of a fooliſh minde, mad she may bee, for commonly in beautie ſo rare, there fals paſſions extreame, Loue and beautie diſdaine a meane, not therefore becauſe beautie is no vertue, but becauſe it is happines, and we ſchollers know that vertue is not to be praiſed, but honored. I wil put on my beſt grace, ſweete wench thy face is louely, thy bodie comely, & all that the eyes can ſee inchanting, you ſee how vnacquainted I am bold to boord you.

Sil. My father boordes mee alreadie, therefore I care not if your name were Geoffrey.

Cand. She raues or ouer-reaches. I am one ſweet ſoule that loues you, brought hether by reporte of your beautie, and here languiſheth with your rare-neſſe.

Sil. I thanke you that you would call.

Cand. I will alwaies call on ſuch a ſaint, that hath power to releaſe my ſorrowes, yeeld fayre creature to loue.

Sil. I am none of that ſect.

Cand. The louing ſect is an auncient ſect and an honorable, and therefore ſhould bee in a perſon ſo perfect.

Sil. Much.

Cand. I loue thee much, giue mee one worde of comfort.

Sil. Faith ſir no, and ſo tell your maſter.

Cand. I haue no maſter, but come to make choiſe of a miſtres.

Si. A ha, are you there with your beares?

Cand. Doubtles she is an idiot of the newest cut, Ile once more try her. I haue loued thee long *Silena.*

Si. In your tother hose.

Cand. Too simple to be naturall: too senslesse to be artificiall: You sayd you went to know your fortune, I am a scholler and am cunning in palmistry.

Sil. The better for you sir, heres my hand, whats a clocke.

Can. The line of life is good, Venus mount very perfect, you shall haue a scholler to your first husband.

Si. you are well seene in carnes durt, your father was a poulter, ha, ha, ha.

Cand. Why laugh you?

Sil. Because you should see my teeth.

Cand. Alas poore wench, I see now also thy folly, a fayre foole is lyke a fresh weed, pleasing leaues and soure iuyce. I will not yet leaue her, shee may dissemble. I cannot choose but loue thee.

Sil. I had thought to aske you.

Cand. Nay then farewell, either to proud to accept, or too simple to vnderstand.

Sil. You need not bee so crustie, you are not so hard backt.

Cand. Now I perceiue thy folly, who hath rakt together all the odde blinde phrases, that helpe them that knowe not howe to discourse, but when they cannot answere wisely, eyther with gybing couer theyr rudenesse, or by some newe coyned

buy

buy worde bewraie theyr peeuishnesse, I am glad of this, nowe shall I haue coulour to refuse the match, and my father reason to accept of *Liuia*, I will home, and repeate to my father oure wise incounter, and hee shall perceiue there is nothing so fulsome as a shee foole.

Exit.

Liu. Good God, I thinke Gentlemen had neuer lesse wit in a yeere. Wee maides are madde wenches, we gird them and flout them out of all scotch and notch, and they cannot see it, I will know of the olde woman whether I bee a maide or no, and then if I bee not, I must needes be a man, God be heere.

Enter Mother Bombie.

Bom. Whose there.

Sil. One that would be a maide.

Bom: If thou be not, it is impossible thou shouldst be, and a shame thou art not.

Sil. They saie you are a witch.

Bomb: They lie, I am a cunning woman.

Sil: Then tell mee some thing.

Bomb: Holde vp thy hande, not so high, thy father knowes thee not, thy mother bare thee not, falsely bred, truely begot, choise of two husbands, but neuer tyed in bandes, because of loue and naturall bondes.

Silena: I thanke you for nothing, because I vnderstand nothing: though you bee as olde as you are, yet am I as younge as I am, and because that I am so fayre, therefore are you so fowle,

& so farewell frost, my fortune naught me cost. *Exit.*

Bom. Farewell faire foole, little doest thou know thy hard fortune, but in the end thou shalt, & that must bewraie what none can discouer, in the mean season I wil professe cunning for all commers, *Exit.*

Act. 2. Sce. 4.

Dromio. Risio. Lucio. Halfepenie.

Dro. We were all taken tardie.

Ris. Our masters will be ouertaken if they tarry.

Half. Now must euerie one by wit make an excuse, and euerie excuse must be coosnage.

Luc. Let vs remember our complot.

Dro. We will all plod on that, oh the wine hath turnd my wit to vineger.

Ri. You meane tis sharpe.

Half. Sharpe? Ile warrant twill serue for as good sauce to knauerie as

Lu. As what?

Half. As thy knauerie meat for his wit.

Dro. We must all giue a reckning for our dayes trauell.

Ri. Tush, I am glad we scapt the reckning for our liquor. If you be examined how we met, sweare by chance, for so they met, and therefore will beleeue it: if how much we drunke, let them answere themselues, they know best because they paid it.

Hal. We must not tarry, *abeundum est mihi*, I must go and call this matter in a comet.

Prosequar a bowle, and Ile come after with a broome, euerie one remember his que.

Ri. I and his k. or elſe we ſhall thriue ill.

Half. When ſhall we meete.

Ri. To morrow freſh and faſting.

Dio. Faſt eating our meate, for we haue drunke for to morow, & to morow we muſt eat for to day.

Half. Away, away, if our maſters take vs here the matter is mard.

Lu. Let vs euerie one to his taske. *Exeunt.*

Act. 2. Sce. 5.

Memphio. Stellio. Priſcus. Sperantus.

Mem. How luckily we met on a ſodaine in a tauerne, that drunke not together almoſt theſe thirtie yeeres.

Stel. A tauerne is the Randeuous, the Exchange, the ſtaple for good fellowes, I haue heard my great grandfather tell how his great grandfather ſhoulde ſaie, that it was an olde prouerbe when his greate grandfather was a childe, that it was a good winde that blew a man to the wine.

Pri. The olde time was a good time, Ale was an ancient drinke, and accounted of our anceſtors autentical, Gaſcone wine was liquor for a Lord, Sack a medicine for the ſicke, and I may tell you, he that had a cup of red wine to his oyſters, was hoyſted in the Queenes ſubſidie booke.

Spe. I but now you ſee to what looſeneſſe this age is growen; our boies carouſe ſack like double beere, and faith that which doth an old man good, can do a yong man no harme: old men (ſay they) eat pap, why ſhoulde not children drinke ſacke, their white heads haue coſned time out of mind our yog yeres

Memph: Well, the world is wanton since *I* knew it first, our boyes put as much nowe in their bellies in an houre, as would cloath theyr whole bodies in a yeere, wee haue paide for their tipling eight shillinges, and as *I* haue hearde, it was as much as bought *Rufus*, sometime king of this land, a paire of hose.

Pri. Ist possible.

Stel. Nay tis true; they sale, Ale is out of request, tis hogges porredge, broth for beggers, a caudle for cunstables, watchmens mouth glew; the better it is the more like bird lime it is, and neuer makes one staid but in the stockes.

Memph: Ile teach my wag-halter to know grapes from barley.

Pri. And *I* mine to discerne a spigot from a faucet.

Spe. And *I* mine, to iudge the difference between a blacke boule and a filuer goblet.

Stel: And mine shall learne the oddes betweene a stand and a hogs-head; yet *I* cannot choose but laugh to see how my wag aunswered mee, when *I* stroke him for drinking sacke.

Pri. Why what sayd he?

Stel. Master, it is the soueraigntest drinke in the world, and the safest for all times and weathers, if it thunder, though all the Ale and Beere in the towne turne, it will be constant; if it lighten, and that any fire come to it, it is the aptest wine to burn and the most wholesomest when it is burnt. So much for Summer. If it freeze, why it is so hot in operation, that no Ile can congeale it, if it rayne,

why then he that cannot abide the heate of it, may put in water. So much for winter. And so ranne his way, but Ile ouertake him.

Spe. Who woulde thinke that my hoppe on my thumbe, *Halfpenie*, scarse so high as a pint pot, wold reason the matter; but hee learnde his leere of my sonne, his young master, whom I haue brought vp at Oxford, and I thinke must learne heere in Kent at Ashford.

Memph. Why what sayd hee?

Spe. Hee boldly rapt it out, *Sine Cere & Baccho friget Venus*, without wine and sugar his veins wold waxe colde.

Memph. They were all in a pleasant vaine, but I must be gone, and take account of my boyes businesse; farewell neighbours, God knowes when we shall meete againe, yet I haue discouered nothing, my wine hath beene my wittes friende, I longe to heare what *Dromio* hath done.

Exit.

Stel. I cannot staie, but this good fellowshippe shall cost mee the setting on at our next meeting, I am gladde I blabd nothing of the marriage, now I hope to compas it, I know my boy hath bin bungling about it.

Exit.

Pri. Let vs all goe, for I must to my clothes that hang on the tenters, my boy shall hang with them, if hee aunswere mee not his dayes worke.

Exit.

Spe. If all bee gone Ile not staie, *Halfepenie* I am sure hath done mee a pennie woorth of good, else

† i. e. lesson

else Ile spend his bodie in buying a rod. *Exit.*

Act. 3. Scc. 1.

Mestius, Serena.

Mest. Sweet sister, I know not how it commeth to passe, but I finde in my selfe passions more than brotherly.

Ser. And I deare brother finde my thoughts intangled with affections beyonde nature, which so flame into my distempered head, that I can neither without danger smother the fire, nor without modestie disclose my furie.

Mest. Our parents are pore, our loue vnnaturall, what can then happen to make vs happie?

Ser. Onely to be content with our fathers mean estate, to combat against our own intemperate desires, and yeld to the succes of fortune, who though she hath framd vs miserable, cannot make vs monstrous.

Mest. It is good counsel faire sister, if the necessitie of loue could be releeued by counsell, yet this is our comfort, that these vnnaturall heates haue stretched themselues no further than thoughts, vnhappie me, that they should stretch so.

Ser. That which nature warranteth laws forbid, straunge it seemeth in sense, that because thou art mine, therefore thou must not be mine.

Mest. So it is *Serena*, the neerer we are in bloud, the further wee must be from loue, and the greater the kindred is, the lesse the kindnes must be, so that between brothers & sisters superstition hath made affection cold, between strangers custome hath bred loue exquisite.

Ser.

Ser. They say here is hard by an old cunning woman, who can tell fortunes, expound dreames, tell of things that be lost, and deuine of accidents to come, she is called the good woman, who yet neuer did hurt.

Mast. Not anie good I thinke *Serena*, yet to satisfie thy minde we will see what she can saie.

Ser. Good brother let vs.

Mast. who is within?

Enter Mother Bombie.

Bom. The dame of the house?

Mast. She might haue said the beldam, for her face and yeeres, and attire.

Ser. Good mother tell vs, if by your cunning you can, what shall become of my brother and me.

Bom. Let me see your hands, and looke on me stedfastly with your eyes. You shall be married to morow hand in hand, by the lawes of good nature & the land, your parents shall be glad, & giue you their lande, you shal each of you displace a foole, & both together must releeue a foole. If this be not true call me olde foole.

Mast. This is my sister, marrie we cannot: our parents are poore and haue no land to giue vs, each of vs is a foole to come for counsell to such an olde foole.

Ser. These doggrell rimes and obscure words, comming out of the mouth of such a weather-beate witch, are thought diuinations of some holy spirite, being but dreames of decayed braines; for mine owne parte, I would thou mightest sit on that stoole till he & I marrie by lawe.

Bom. I saie *Mother Bombie* neuer speakes but once, and yet neuer spake vntruth once.

Ser. Come brother, let vs to our poore home, this is our comfort, to bewraie our passions, since we cannot inioy our loue.

Mast. Content sweet sister, and learne of me hereafter, that these olde sawes of such olde hags, are but false fires to leade one out of a plaine path into a deepe pit.

Exeunt

Act. 3. Sce. 2.

Dromio. Risio. Halfepenie. Luceo.

Dro. Ingenium quondam fuerat pretiotius auro, the time was wherein wit would worke like waxe, and crock vp golde like honnie.

Ri. At nunc barbaria est grandis habere nihil, but nowe wit and honestie buy nothing in the market.

Dro. What Risio, how spedst thou after thy potting?

Ri. Nay, my master rong all in the tauerne, & thrust all out in the house. But how spedst thou?

Dro. I, it were a dayes worke to discourse it, he spake nothing but sentences, but they were vengible long ones, for when one word was out, hee made pause of a quarter long till he spake another.

Ri. Why what did he in all that time?

Dro. Breake interiections lyke winde, as eho, ho, to.

Ri. And what thou?

Dro. Aunswere him in his owne language, as *euax, vah, hui.*

Ri. These were coniunctions rather than interiections. But what of the plot?

Dro. As we concluded I tolde him that *I* vnderstood that Silena was verie wise, and could sing exceedingly, that my deuise was, seeing Accius his sonne a proper youth, & could also sing sweetly, that he should come in the nicke when she was singing and answere her.

Ri. Excellent.

Dro. Then hee asked how it should be deuised that she might come abroade, *I* tolde that was cast alreadie

Slye knaue

by

by my meanes, then the song beeing ended, and they seeing one another, noting the apparell, and marking the personages, he should call in his sonne for feare he should ouer-reach his speech.

Ri. Very good.

Dro. Then that I had gotten a young Gentleman that resembled his sonne in yeeres and fauour, that hauing Accius apparell should court Silena, whome shee finding wise, would after that by small intreatie be won without mo wordes, & so the marriage clapt vp by this cosnage, and his sonne neuer speake word for himselfe.

Ri. Thou boy, so haue I done in euerie point, for the song, the calling her in, & the hoping that another shall woo Accius, and his daughter wed him, I told him this wooing should be to night, and they early married in the morning, without anie wordes saying to saie after the Priest.

Dro. All this fodges well, now if Halfpenie and Luceo haue playde theyr partes, wee shall haue excellent sporte, and here they come. Howe wrought the wine my lads? *fad-ges*

Enter Halfpenie, Luceo.

Half. How? like wine, for my bodie being the rundlet, and my mouth the vent, it wrought two daies ouer, till I had thought the hoopes of my head woulde haue flowen asunder.

Lu. The best was, our masters were as well whitled as we, for yet they lie by it.

Ri. The better for vs, we dyd but a little parboile our liuers, they haue sod theyrs in sacke these fortie yeeres.

Hal. That makes them spit white broth as they doo. But to the purpose. Candius and Liuia will send their attires, you must send the apparell of Accius and Silena, they wonder wherefore, but commit the matter to our quadrapertit wit.

Luc. If you keepe promise to marrie them by your deuice, and their parents consent, you shall haue tenne pounds a peece for your paines.

Dro. If wee doo it not wee are vndone, for we haue broacht a cosnage alreadie, and my master hath the tap in his hand, that it must needs runne out, let the be ruld and bring hether their apparell, and we wil determine, the rest commit to our intricate considerations, depart.

Exeunt Halfepenie, Luceo. Enter Accius and Silena.

Dro. Here comes *Accius* tuning his pipes, I perceiue my master keepes touch.

Ri. And here comes *Silena* with her wit of proofe, maide it will scarle holde out question shot, let vs in to instruct our masters in the que.

Dro. Come let vs be iogging, but wert not a world to heare them woe one another.

Ri. That shall be hereafter to make vs sport, but our masters shall neuer know it. *Exeunt.*

Memphio and Stellio singing.

Act. 3. Sce. 3.

Memphio and Stellio.

Mem. Accius come in and that quickly, what walking without leaue?

Stel. Silena, I praie you looke homeward, it is a colde aire, and you want your muffler. *Exunt Accius & Silena.*

Mem. This is pat, if the rest proceed Stellio is like to marrie his daughter to a foole, but a bargen is a bargen.

Stel. This frames to my wish, *Memphio* is like to marrie a foole to his sonne, *Accius* tongue shall tie all *Memphios* land to *Silenas* dowrie, let his fathers teeth vndoo them if hee can; but heere I see *Memphio*, I must seeme kind, for in kindnes lies cosnage.

Me. Wel, here is *Stellio*, I le talke of other matters, & flie from the marke I shoot at, lapwing-like flying far from

Memp. O Cupid! *Monarch ouer Kings,*
Wherefore haſt thou feete and wings?
It is to ſhew how ſwift thou art,
When thou wound'ſt a tender heart,
Thy wings being clip'd, and feete held ſtill,
Thy Bow ſo many could not kill.

Stel. *It is all one in* Venus *wanton ſchoole,*
Who higheſt ſits, the wiſeman or the foole.
Fooles in loues colledge
Haue farre more knowledge,
To Reade a woman ouer,
Than a neate prating louer.
Nay, tis confeſt,
That fooles pleaſe women beſt.

the place where I neede. *Stellio* what make you abroad, I heard you were ſicke ſince our laſt drinking.

Stel. You ſee reports are no truths, I heard the like of you, & we are both well. I perceiue ſober men tel moſt lies, for in *vino veritas*, If they had drunke wine, they would haue tolde the truth.

Mem. Our boies wil be ſure then neuer to lie, for they are euer ſwilling of wine; but *Stellio* I muſt ſtraine curſie with you, I haue buſines, I cannot ſtay.

Stel. In good time *Memphio*, for I was about to craue your patience to departe, it ſtands me vppon, Perhaps moue his patience ere it be long.

Mem. Good ſilly *Stel.* we muſt buckle ſhortly, *Exeunt.*

Act. 3. Sce. 4.

Halfepenie. Luceo. Rixula. Dromio Riſio.

Lu. Come *Rixula* wee haue made thee priuie to the whole packe, there laie downe the packe.

Rix. I beleeue vnleſſe it be better handled, wee ſhall out of doores.

Half, I care not, *Omnem ſolum forti patria*, I can liue in chriſtendome as well as in Kent.

Lu. And Ile ſing *Patria vbicunque bene*, euerie houſe is my home, where I may ſtanch hunger.

Rix. Nay, if you ſet all on hazard, though I be a pore wench I am as hardie as you both; I cannot ſpeake Latine, but in plaine Engliſh if anie thing fall out croſſe Ile runne away.

Half. He loues thee well that would runne after.

Rix. Why *Halfpenie*, there's no gooſe ſo gray in the lake, that cannot finde a gander for her make.

Lu. I loue a nut browne laſſe, tis good to recreate.

Half. Thou meanſt, a browne nut is good to crack.

Lu. Why wold it not do thee good to crack ſuch a nut?

Hal. I feare she is worm-eaten within, she is so moth-eaten without.

Rix. If you take your pleasure of mee, Ile in and tell your practises against your masters.

Half. In faith loure heart, hee that takes his pleasure on thee is verie pleasurable.

Rix. You meane knauishly, and yet I hope foule water will quench hot fire as soone as fayre.

Half. Well then let fayre wordes coole that cholar, which foule speeches hath kindled, and because we are all in this case, and hope all to haue good fortune, sing a roundelay, and weele helpe, such as thou wast woont when thou beatest hempe.

Lu. It was crabbs she stampt, and stole away one to make her a face.

Rix. I agree in hope that the hempe shall come to your wearing, a halfepenie halter may hang you both, that is, Halfepeny and you may hang in a halter.

Half. Well brought about.

Rix. Twill when tis about your necke.

Lu. Nay now shees in, she will neuer out.

Rix. Nor when your heads are in, as it is lykely, they should not come out. But harken to my song, *Cantant.*

Enter Dromio, Risio.

Dr. Yonder stands the wags, I am come in good time.

Ri. All here before me, you make hast.

Rix. I beleeue to hanging, for I thinke you haue all robd your masters, heres euery man his baggage.

Hal. That is, we are all with thee, for thou art a verie baggage.

Rix. Hold thy peace, or of mine honesty Ile buy an halfpenie purse with thee.

Dro. In deed thats big inough to put thy honesty in, but come shall we go about the matter?

Lu. Now

Song.

Rix. *FVll hard I did ſweate,*
When hempe I did beate.
Then thought I of nothing but hanging,
The hempe being ſpun,
My beating was done,
Then I wiſh'd for aneyſe
Of crack-halter Boyes,
On Thoſe hempen ſtrings to be twanging.
Long lookt I about,
The City throughout,
4 Pag. *And found no ſuch fidling varlets.*
Rix. *Yes, at laſt comming hither,*
I ſaw foure together.
4. Pag. *May thy hempe choake ſuch ſinging harlots.*
Rix. *To whit to whoo, the Owle does cry,*
Phip, phip, the ſparrowes as they fly,
The gooſe does hiſſe, the duck cries quack,
A Rope the Parrot, that holds tack.
4. Pa. *The parrat and the rope be thine.*
Rix. *The hanging yours, but the hempe mine.*

Lu. Now it is come to the pinch my heart pants.

Half. I for my part am resolute, *in vtranq; paratus*, redie to die or to runne away.

Lu. But heare me, I was troubled with a vile dream, and therefore it is little time spent to let *Mother Bomby* expound it, she is cunning in all things.

Dro. Then will *I* know my fortune.

Rix. And Ile aske for a siluer spoone which was lost last daie, which *I* must pay for.

Ri. And *Ile* know what wil become of our deuices.

Half. And *I.*

Dro. Then let vs all go quickly, we must not sleep in this busines, our masters are so watchfull about it.

Bom. Why do you rap so hard at the doore?

Dro. Because we would come in.

Bomb. Nay my house is no *Inne.*

Half. Crosse your selues, looke how she lookes.

Dro. Marke her not, sheele turne vs all to Apes.

Bom: What would you with me?

Ri. They say you are cunning, & are called the good woman of Rochester.

Bom. If neuer to doo harme be to doo good, I dare saie *I* am not ill. But whats the matter?

Lu. I had a ill dream, & desire to know the significatiõ.

Bom. Dreames my sonne haue their weight, though they be of a troubled minde, yet are they signes of fortune. Say on.

Lu. In the dawning of the day, for about that time by my starting out of my sleepe I found it to bee, mee thought I sawe a stately peece of beefe, with a cape cloke of cabidge, imbrodered with pepper, hauing two honorable pages with hats of mustard on their heades, himselfe in greate pompe sitting vppon a cushion of white Brewish, linde with browne Breade,

me

me thought being poudred he was much troubled with the ſalt rume, & therfore there ſtood by him two great flagons of ſacke and beere, the one to drie vp his rume, the other to quench his cholar, *I* as one enuying his ambition, hungring and thirſting after his honor, began to pull his cuſhiō frō vnder him, hoping by that meanes to giue him a fall, & with putting out my hand awakt, & found nothing in all this dreame about me but the ſalt rume. *Dro.* A dreame for a butcher.

Lu. Soft let me end it, then *I* ſlumbred againe, & me thought there came in a leg of mutton.

Dro. What all groſſe meat, a racke had bene daintie.

Lu. Thou foole how could it come in, vnleſſe it had bin a leg, me thought his hoſe were cut & drawen out with parſly, *I* thruſt my hand into my pocket for a knife thinking to hoxe him, and ſo awakt.

Bomb. Belyke thou wentſt ſupperleſſe to bed.

Lu. So *I* doo euerie night but ſundaies, *Priſius* hath a weake ſtomacke, and therefore we muſt ſtarue.

Bom. Well, take this for anſwere, though the dream be fantaſticall, they that in the morning ſleep dream of eating, are in danger of ſickneſſe, or of beating, or ſhall heare of a wedding freſh a beating.

Lu. This may be true.

Half. Nay then let me come in with a dreame, ſhort but ſweet, that my mouth waters euer ſince I wakt: Me thought there ſate vpon a ſhelfe three damaske prunes in veluet caps and preſt ſatten gownes like indges, and that there were a whole handfull of curants to be araigned of a riot, becauſe they clūged together in ſuch cluſters, twelue raiſons of the ſunne were impannelled in a *Ie*wry, and as a leafe of whole maſe which was bailief was carrying the queſt to conſult, me thoght ther came an angrie cooke, and gelded the *Ie*wry of theyr ſtones,

and

and ſwept both iudges, iurers, rebels and bailieſe into a porredge pot, whereat I beeing melancholy, fetcht a deepe ſigh, that wakt my ſelfe and my bed fellow.

Dro. This was deuiſd not dreamt, and the more fooliſh being no dreame, for that dreames excuſe the fantaſticalneſſe.

Half. Then aske my bed-fellow, you know him, who dreamt that night that the king of diamonds was ſicke.

Bom. But thy yeeres and humours pretie child, are ſubiect to ſuch fanſies, which the more vnſenſible they ſeeme, the more fantaſticall they are, therefore this dream is eaſie. To children this is giuen from the Gods to dream of milke, fruit, babies and rods, they betoken nothing but that wantons muſt haue rods.

Dro. Ten to one thy dreame is true, thou wilt bee ſwinged.

Rix. Nay gammer, I pray you tell me who ſtole my ſpoone out of the buttrie.

Bom. Thy ſpoone is not ſtolne but miſlaide, thou art an ill huſwife though a good maid, looke for thy ſpoon where thou hadſt like to be no maide.

Rix. Bodie of me let me fetch the ſpoone, I remember the place.

Lu. Soft ſwift, the place if it be there now, it will bee there to morrowe.

Rix. I but perchance the ſpoone will not.

Half. Wert thou once put to it?

Rix. No ſir boy, it was put to me.

Lu. How was it miſt?

Dro. Ile warrant for want of a miſt. But whats my fortune mother?

Bom. Thy father doth liue becauſe he doth die, thou haſt ſpent all thy thriſt with a die, and ſo lyke a begger thou ſhalt die.

Ri. I would de haue like well if all the gerundes had beene there, *di, do,* and *dum*, but all in die, thats too deadly.

Dro. My father in deed is a diar, but I haue ben a dicer, but to die a beggar, giue mee leaue not to beleeue *Mother Bombie*, and yet it may bee, I haue nothing to liue by but knauery, and if the world grow honest, welcome beggerie. But what hast thou to say Risio?

Ri. Nothing till I see whether all this bee true that she hath sayd.

Half. I Risio would faine see thee beg.

Ri. Nay mother tell vs this, What is all our fortunes, we are about a matter of legerdemaine, howe will it fodge?

Bom. You shall all thriue like coosners, that is, to bee coosned by coosners: all shall ende well, and you bee found coosners.

Dro. Gramercie *Mother Bombie*, we are all pleasd, if you were for your paines.

Bom. I take no monie, but good wordes, raile not if I tell true, if I doe not reuenge. Farewell. *Exit Bom.*

Dro. Now haue we nothing to doe but to go about this busines, Accius apparell let Candius put on, and I wyll aray Accius with Candius clothes.

Ri. Heere is Silenas attire, Linceo put it vpon Liuia, and giue me Liuias for Silena, this done, let Candius & Liuia come foorth, and let Dromio and mee alone for the rest.

Half. What shall become of Accius and Silena?

Dro. Tush, theyr turne shall bee next, all must bee done orderly, lets to it, for nowe it workes. *Exeunt.*

Candius, Liuia, Dromio, Risio, Sperantus, Prisius.

Liu. This attyre is verie fit. But how if this make me a foole and Silena wise, you will then woo mee and wedde her.

Cand. Thou knoweſt that Accius is alſo a foole, and his raiment fits me, ſo that if apparell be infectious, I am alſo lyke to be a foole, and hee wiſt what would be the concluſion, I meruaile

Enter Dromio, Risio.

Li. Here comes our counſellers.

Dro. Well ſayd, I perceiue turtles flie in couples.

Ri. Elſe how ſhould they couple?

Liu. So do knaues go double, elſe how ſhould they be ſo cunning in doubling.

Cand. Bona verba Liuia.

Dro. I vnderſtand Latine, that is, Liuia is a good worde.

Can. No, I byd her vſe good wordes.

Ri. And what deeds?

Can. None but a deed of gift.

Ri. What gift?

Can. Her heart.

Dro. Giue mee leaue to poſe you though you bee a graduate, for I tell you we in Rocheſter ſpurre ſo many hackneys, that we muſt needs ſpuire ſchollers, for wee take them for hackneys.

Liu. Why ſo ſir boy?

Dro. Becauſe I knew two hired for ten grotes a pece to laie ſeruice on ſunday, and thats no more than a poſt horſe from hence to Canterbury.

Ri. Hee knowes what hee ſayes, for hee once ſerued

the post-master.

Cand. In deed I thinke hee serued some poast to his master, but come *Dromio post me.*

Dro. You saie you would haue her heart for a deed.

Cand. Well.

Dro. If you take her hart for *cor*, that heart in her bodie, then know this, *Molle eius leuibus, Cor enim inuiolabile telis*, A womans heart is thrust through with a feather: if you meane she should giue a heart named *Cervus*, then are you worse, for *cornua cervus habet*, that is, to haue ones heart growe out at his head, which wyll make one ake at the heart in their bodie.

Enter Prisius, Sperantus.

Lin. I beshrew your hearts, I heare one comming, I know it is my father by his comming.

Cand. What must we doo?

Dro. Why as I tolde you, and let me alone with the olde men, fall you to your bridall.

Pri. Come neighbor, I perceiue the loue of our children waxeth key colde.

Spe. I thinke it was neuer but luke warme.

Pri. Bauins will haue their flashes, and youth their fansies, the one as soone quenched as the other burnt, but who be these?

Cand. Here I do plight my faith, taking thee for the staffe of my age, and of my youth my solace.

Lin. And I vow to thee affection which nothing can dissolue, neither the length of time, nor mallice of fortune, nor distance of place.

Cand. But when shall we be married?

Lin. A good question, for that one delay in wedding brings an hundred dangers in the Church, we will not be askt, and a licence is to chargeable, and to tarrie til to morrow too tedious.

Dro. Thers

Dro Theres a girle ſtands on pricks till ſhe be married.

Cand. To auoid danger, charge, and tediouſneſſe, let vs now conclude it in the next Church.

Liu. Agreed.

Pri. What be theſe that haſten ſo to marrie?

Dro. Marrie ſir, Accius ſonne to Memphio, and Silena Stellios daughter.

Spe. I am ſorrie neighbour, for our purpoſes are diſappointed.

Pri. You ſee marriage is deſtinie, made in heauen, though conſumated on earth.

Ri. How like you them, be they not a pretie couple?

Pri. Yes God giue them ioye, ſeeing in ſpite of our hearts they muſt ioyne.

Dro. I am ſure you are not angrie, ſeeing things paſt cannot be recald, and being witneſſes to their contract, will be alſo welwillers to the match.

Spe. For my part I with them well.

Pri. And I, and ſince there is no remedie, that I am glad of it.

Ri. But will you neuer hereafter take it in dugeon, but vſe them as well as though your ſelues had made the marriage.

Pri. Not, I.

Spe. Nor I.

Dro. Sir, heres two old men are glad that your loues ſo long continued, is ſo happily concluded.

Cand. Wee thanke them, and if they will come to *Memphios* houſe they ſhall take parte of a bad dinner. This cottons, and workes like waxe in a ſowes eare.

Exeunt Candius, Liuia.

Pri. Well, ſeeing our purpoſes are preuented, wee muſt lay other plots, for *Liuia* ſhall not haue *Candius*.

Spe. Feare not, for I haue ſworne that *Candius* ſhall

nothaue Lilia. But let not vs fall out because our children fall in.

Pri. Wilt thou goe soone to Memphios house?

Spe. I and if you will let vs, that we may see how the young couple bride it, and so we may teach our owne.

Exeunt.

Act. 4. Sce. 2.

Accius, Silena, Lineeo, Halfepenie.

Lin. By this time I am sure, the wagges haue playde their parts, there rests nothing now for vs but to match Accius and Silena

Half. It was too good to be true, for we should laugh heartily, and without laughing my spleene would split, but whist here comes the man,

Enter Accius.

and yonder the maide, let vs stand aside.

Enter Silena.

Acc. What meanes my father to thrust mee forth in anothers boyes coate? Ile warrant it is to as much purpose as a hem in the forehead.

Half. There was an auncient prouerbe knockt in the head.

Acc. I am almost come into mine nonage, and yet I neuer was so farre as the prouerbes of this citie.

Lin. Theres a quip for the suburbes of Rochester.

Half. Excellently applyed.

Sil. Well, though this furniture make mee a sullen dame, yet I hope in mine owne I am no saint.

Half. A braue fight is lyke to bee betweene a cocke with a long combe, and a hen with a long leg.

Lin. Nay her wits are shorter than her legs.

Half. And his combe longer than his wit.

Acc. I haue yonder vncouered a faire girle, Ile be so bolde as spurre her, what might a bodie call her name?

Sil. I cannot help you at this time, I praie you come againe to morrow.

Half. I marie sir.

Acc. You neede not bee so lustye, you are not so honest.

Silena. I crie you mercy I tooke you for a ioynd stoole.

Linceo. Heeres courting for a conduit or a bakehouse.

Sil. But what are you for a man? me thinks you loke as pleaseth God.

Acc. What doo you giue me the boots?

Half. Whether will they, here be right coblers cuts.

Acc: I am taken with a fit of loue: Haue you anye minde of marriage?

Sil: I had thought to haue askt you.

Acc: Vpon what acquaintance?

Sil: Who would haue thought it?

Acc: Much in my gascoins, more in my round hose, all my fathers are as white as daisies, as an egge full of meate.

Sil. And all my fathers plate is made of Crimosin veluet.

Acc: That braue with bread.

Halfepenie: These three had wise men to theyr Fathers.

Lin: Why?

Half. Because when their bodies were at worke about household stuffe, their mindes were busied about commonwealth matters.

Acc. This is pure lawne: What call you this, a preface to your haire?

Sil. Wisely you haue pickt a raison out of a fraile of figges.

Ac. Take it as you list, you are in your owne clothes.

Sil. Sauing a reuerence thats a lie, my clothes are better, my father borrowed these.

Ac. Long may hee so doe, I could tell that these are not mine if I would blab it lyke a woman.

Si. I had as liefe you should tell them it snowd.

Lu. Come let vs take them off, for we haue had the creame of them.

Half. Ile warrant if this bee the creame, the milke is verie flat, let vs ioyne issue with them.

Lu. To haue such issues of our bodies, is worse than haue an issue in the bodie. God saue you prety mouse.

Sil. You may command and go without.

Half. Theres a gliche for you, let me haue my girde, on thy conscience tell me what tis a clocke?

Sil. I cry you mercie I haue kild your cushion.

Half. I am paid and stroke dead in the neast, I am sure this soft youth who is not halfe so wise as you are faire, nor you altogether so faire as he is foolish, will not be so captious.

Ac. Your eloquence passe my recognoscence.

Enter Memphio, Stellio.

Lu. I neuer heard that before, but shal we two make a match betweene you?

Si. Ile know first who was his father.

Ac. My father, what need you to care, I hope he was none of yours.

Half. A hard question, for it is oddes but one begate them both, hee that cut out the vpper leather, cut out the inner, & so with one awl stitcht two soles together.

Mem. What is she?

Half. Tis Prisius daughter.

Mem. In good time it lodges.

Stel. What is he?

Lin. Speranius ſonne.

Stel. So twill cotton.

Acc. Damſell, I pray you how olde are you?

Mem. My ſonne would ſcarce haue aſkt ſuch a fooliſh queſtion.

Sil. I ſhall be eighteene next beare-baiting.

Stel. My daughter woulde haue made a wiſer anſwere.

Half. O how fitly this comes of!

Acc. My father is a ſcolde, whats yours?

Mem. My heart throbs, I looke him in the face, and yonder *I eſpi Stellio.*

Stel. My minde miſgiues mee, but whiſt, yonder is *Memphio.*

Acc. In faith *I* perceiue an olde ſawe and a ruſtie, no foole to the olde foole. *I* praie you wherefore was I thruſt out lyke a ſcar crow in this ſimilitude.

Mem. My ſonne and I aſhamd, Dromio ſhall die.

Sil. Father are you ſneaking behind, *I* pray you what muſt I doe next?

Stel. My daughter, Riſio thou haſt coſned mee.

Lin. Now begins the game.

Mem. How came you hether?

Acc. Marie by the waie from your houſe hether?

Mem. How chance in this attire?

Acc How chance Dromio bid me?

Memph. Ah thy ſonne will bee begd for a concealde foole.

Acc. Will I, I faith ſir no.

Stel. Wherefore came you hether Silena without leaue?

Si. Because I dyd, and I am heere because I am.

Stel. Poore wench, thy wit is improued to the vttermost.

Half. I, tis an hard matter to haue a wit of the olde rent, euerie one rackes his commons so high.

Memp. Dromio tolde mee that one should meete Stellios daughter, and courte her in person of my sonne.

Stel. Rifio tolde me one should meete Memphios sonne, and pleade in place of my daughter.

Mem. But alas I see that my fortune hath met wyth Silena himselfe, and bewraid his folly.

Stel. But I see my daughter hath prattled with Accius, and discouered her simplicitie.

Lin. A braue crie to heare the two olde mules weep ouer the young fooles.

Mem. Accius how lykest thou Silena?

Acc. I take her to be pregnant.

Sil. Truly his talke is very perfonable.

Stel. Come in girle, this geare must be fetcht about.

Mem. Come Accius, let vs go in.

Lin. Nay sir there is no harme done, they haue neither bought nor solde, they may be twinnes for theyr wits and yeeres.

Mem. But why diddest thou tell mee it was Prisius sonne?

Hal. Because I thought thee a foole, to aske who thine owne sonne was.

Lin. And so fit for your daughter, education hath done much, otherwise they are by nature softe wytted inough.

Mem. Alas theyr ioynts are not yet tied, they are not yet come to yeeres and discretion.

Acc. Fa-

Acc. Father, if my handes bee tyed shall I growe wise?

Half. I and Silena to, if you tie them fast to your tongues.

Sil. You may take your pleasure of my tongue, for it is no mans wife.

Mem. Come in Accius.

Ste. Come in Silena, I wyll talke with Memphios sonne, but as for Risio.

Memp. As for Dromio.

Exeunt Memphio, Accius, Stellio, Silena.

Half. Asse for you all foure.

Enter Dromio, Risio.

Dro. How goes the worlde, now we haue made all sure, Candius and Liuia are maryed, their fathers consenting, yet not knowing.

Lin. We haue flat mard all, Accius and Silena courted one another, their fathers toke them napping, both are ashamd, and you both shall be I wingd.

Ri. Tush, let vs alone, we will perswade them that all fals out for the best, for if vnderhande this match had bene concluded, they both had ben coosned, and now seeing they finde both so bee fooles, they may be both better aduised. But why is Halfepenie so sad?

Enter Huckeyman, Sergeant.

Halfepenie. Because I am sure I shall neuer bee a pennie.

Ri. Rather praie there be no fall of monie, for thou wilt then go for a que.

Dro. But did not the two fooles currantly court one another.

Lin. Verie good wordes fitly applyed, brought in

in the middle.

Serg. I areſt you.

Dro. Meſir, why then didſt not bring a ſtoole wyth thee, that I might ſit downe?

Hack. He areſts you at my ſuite for a horſe.

Ri. The more Aſſe hee, if hee had areſted a mare in ſtead of an horſe, it had bin but a ſlight ouerſight, but to areſt a man that hath no lykeneſſe of a horſe, is flatte lunaſie or alecie.

Hack. Tuſh, I hired him a horſe.

Dro. I ſweare then he was well ridden.

Hack. I thinke in two daies he was neuer baited.

Half. Why was it a beare thou ridſt on?

Hack. I meane he neuer gaue him baite.

Dro. Why he tooke him for no fiſh.

Hack. I miſtake none of you when I take you for fooles, I ſay thou neuer gaueſt my horſe meate.

Dro. Yes, in foure and fortie houres I am ſure he had a bottle of hay as big as his belly.

Serg. Nothing elſe, thou ſhouldeſt haue giuen him prouender.

Ri. Why he neuer aſkt for anie.

Hack. Why, doeſt thou thinke an horſe can ſpeake?

Dro. No, for I ſpard him till my heeles akt, and hee ſayd neuer a word.

Hack. Well, thou ſhalt paie ſweetly for ſpoiling him, it was as luſtie a nag as anie in Rochester, and one that would ſtand vpon no ground.

Dro. Then is he as good as euer he was, He warrant, heele do nothing but lie downe.

Hack. I lent him thee gently.

Dro. And I reſtored him ſo gently, that hee neither would cry whilſt hee wag the taile.

Hac. But

Hack. But why didſt thou boare him thorough the eares?

Lin. It may be he was ſet on the pillorie, becauſe hee had not a true pace.

Half. No, it was for tyring.

Hack. He would neuer tire, it may be he would be ſo wearie he would go no further, or ſo.

Dro. Yes he was a notable horſe for ſeruice, he wold tyre and retire.

Hack. Doe you thinke Ile be ieſted out of my horſe, Sergeant wreake thy office on him.

Ri. Nay ſtay, let him be baild.

Hack. So he ſhall when I make him a bargen.

Dro. It was a verie good horſe I muſt needs confeſſe, and now hearken to his qualities, and haue patience to heare them ſince I muſt paie for him: He would ſtumble three houres in one mile, I had thought I had rode vpon addeces betweene this and Canterburie: if one gaue him water, why he would lie downe & bath himſelfe lyke a hauke: if one ranne him, he woulde ſimper and mump, as though he had gone a wooing to a malt mare at Rocheſter: hee trotted before and ambled behinde, and was ſo obedient, that he would doo durie euerie minute on his knees, as though euerie ſtone had bin his father.

Hack I am ſure he had no diſeaſes.

Dro. A little rume or poſe, hee lackt nothing but an handkercher.

Serg. Come, what a tale of a horſe haue we here, I can not ſtay, thou muſt with me to priſon.

Ri. If thou be a good fellow Hacknyman, take all our foure bondes for the paiment, thou knoweſt wee are towne borne children, and wil not ſhrinke the citie for

a pelting iade.

Half. Ile enter into a ſtature Marchant to ſee it anſwered. But if thou wilt haue bondes, thou ſhalt haue a buſhell full.

Hack. Alas poort Ant, thou bound in a ſtaute marchant: a browne threed will bind thee faſt inough: but if you will be content all foure ioyntly to enter into a bond, I will withdrawe the action.

Dro. Yes Ile warrant they will, How ſay you?

Half. I yeeld.

Ri. And *I.*

Lin. And I.

Hack. Well call the Scriuener.

Ser. Heeres one hard by, Ile call him.

Ri. A ſcriueners ſhop hangs to Sergeants maſe, like a burre to a freeſe coate.

Scri. Whats the matter?

Hack. You muſt take a note of a bond.

Dro. Nay a pint of curteſie puls on a pot of wine, in this Tauerne weele diſpatch.

Hack. Agreed. *Exeunt.*

Ri. Now if our wits be not in the waine, our knauery ſhall bee at the full, they will ride them worſe than *Dromio* rid his horſe, for if the wine maſter their wits, you ſhall ſee them bleed their follyes. *Exit.*

Act. 5. Sce. 1.

Dro, Riſe, Lincea, Halfpenie.

Dro. Euerie foxe to his hole, the houndes are at hande.

Ri. The

Ri. The Sergeants maſe lyes at pawne for the reckning, and he vnder the boord to caſt it vp.

Lin. The Scriuener cannot keepe his pen out of the pot, euery goblet is an inkhorne.

Hal. The hackneyman hee whiskes with his wande, as if the Taueme were his ſtable, and all the ſeruantes his horſes, toſt there vp bay Richard, and white loaues are horſebread in his eyes.

Dro. It is well I haue my acquitance, and hee ſuch a bond as ſhall doo him no more good than the bond of a faggot, our knaueries are now come to the puſh, and wee muſt cunningly diſpatch all, wee two will goe ſee howe wee may appeale our maſters, you two howe you may conceale the late marriage, if all fall out amiſſe, the worſt is beating, if to the beſt, the worſt is lybertie.

Ri. Then lettes about it ſpeedely, for ſo many yrons in the together require a diligent Plummer.

Exeunt.

Act. 5. Sce. 2.

Vicinia. Bombie.

Vic. My heart throbbes, my eares tingle, my minde miſgiues mee, ſince I heare ſuch muttering of marryages in Rocheſter, my conſcience which theſe eighteene yeeres hath beene froſen with conicaled guiltyneſſe, beginnes nowe to thawe in open griefe, but I wil not accuſe my ſelfe til I ſee more danger, the good olde woman *Mother Bombie* ſhall trie her cunning

vpon

spoke not, and if I perceiue my case is desperate by her then wyll I rather preuent, although with shame, then report too late, and be inexcusable. God speed good mother.

Bom. Welcome sister.

Vin. I am troubled in the night with dreames, and in the daie with feares, mine estate bare, which I cannot well beare, but my practises dismall, which I cannot recall, if therefore in these same yeeres there be anie deepe skill, tell what my fortune shall be, and what my fault is.

Bom. In studying to be ouernaturall thou art like to be vnnaturall, and all about a naturall; thou shalt bee eased of a charge if thou thy conscience discharge, and this I commit to thy charge.

Vic. Thou hast toucht nice to the quicke mother, I vnderstand thy meaning, and thou well knowest my practise, I will follow thy counsell. But what wyll bee the end?

Bom. Thou shalt know before this daie end, farewel.

Exit Bom.

Vic. Nowe I perceiue I must either bewraie a mischiefe, or suffer a continual inconuenience, I must hast homewardes, and resolue to make all whole, better a little shame than an infinite griefe, the strangenes will abate the faulte, and the bewraying wipe it cleane away. *Exit.*

Act. 3. Sce. 3.

Three Fidlers. Syth, Nasutus, Rednosus.

Syn. Come fellowes, tis almost daie, let vs haue a fit of mirth

of mirth at Sperantus doore, and giue a song to the bride.

Naf. I beleeue they are asleepe, it were pitie to awake them.

Ind. Twere a shame they shoulde sleepe the first night.

Syn. But who can tell at which house they lie, at Prius it may be, we le trie both.

Na. Come lets drawe lyke men.

Syn. Now, tune, tune I saie, that boy I thinke will neuer profit in his facultie, he looses his rosen, that his fiddle goes cush, cush, lyke as one should go wetshod, and his mouth so drie, that he hath not spittle for his pinne as I haue.

Bed. Mary sir you see I go wetshod and dry mouthd, for yet could I neuer get newe shoores or good drinke, rather than Ile leade this life, I throw my fiddle into the leads for a nobler.

Syn. Boy, no more words, theres a time for al things though I say it that should not, I haue bene a minstrell these thirtie yeeres, and tickled more strings than thou hast haires, but yet was neuer so misused.

Naf. Let vs not brabble but play, to morrow is a new daie.

Bed. I am sorrie I speake in your cuff, what shall wee sing then?

Syn. The louer knot, for thats best for a bridall. Sing. God morow fayre bride, and send you ioy of your bridall. *Sperantus looketh out.*

Spe. What a mischiefe make the twanglers here? we haue no trenchers to scrape, it makes my teeth on edge to heare such ginging. Get you packing, or Ile make you weare double stockes, and yet you shall bee neuer the

Syn. We come for good will, to bidd the bride and bride groome, God giue them ioy.

Spe. Hers no wedding.

Syn. Yes your sonne and Priams daughter were maryed, though you seeme straunge, yet they repent it not I ast sure.

Spe. My sonne villaine, I had rather hee were hanged.

Nas. So he is sir, you haue your wish.

Enter Cambises.

Cam. Here fidlers take this and pay a worde, heere is no wedding, it was at Memphios house, yet gramercy, your musicke though it mist the house hit the minde, we were a preparing our wedding geare.

Syn. I crie you mercie sir, I thinke it was Memphios sonne that was married.

Spe. O ho the case is altered, go thether then and be hanged for me.

Nas. What the almes?

Syn. An Angell.

Bed. Ile warrant hers some worke towards, ten shillings is money in maister Maiors purse.

Syn. Let vs to Memphios and share equally, when we haue done all thou shalt haue new shooes.

Bed. I such as they cry at the Sizes, a marke in issues, and marke in issues, and yet I neuer saw so much leather as would peece ones shooes.

Syn. No more, hers the mony.

Bed. A good handsell, and I thinke the maidenhead of your liberalitie.

Nas. Come heres the house, what shall we sing?

Syn. You know Memphis is verie rich and wise, and

Song.

All 3. THe Bride this Night can
catch no cold,
No cold, the Bridegroome's young, not old,
Like Iuie he her fast does hold,
1. Fid. And clips her.
2. And lips her.
3. And flips her too.
All 3. Then let them alone, They
know what they doe.
1. At laugh and lie downe, if they
play,
2. What Asse against the sport can
bray?

3. Such Tick-tacks has held many a
day,
1. And longer.
2. And stronger.
3. It still holds too.
All 3. Then let them alone, They know
what they doe.

This Night,
In delight
Does thump away sorrow.
Of billing
Take your filling.
So good morrow, good morrow.

† A huddle means, I believe, a boy.
An old huddle sometimes occurs in the
sense of old boy.

therefore let vs strike the gentle stroke, and sing a catch.

Sing.

Nas. God morrowe mistres bride and send you a huddle.

Mem. What crouding knaues haue we there, case vp your fiddles, or the cunstable shall cage you vppe. What bride talke you of?

Syn. Heres a wedding in Rochester, and twas tolde me first that Sperantus son had married Prisius daughter, we were there, and they sent vs to your worshippe, saying your son was matched with Stellios daughter.

Mem. Hath Sperantus that churle nothing to doe but mocke his neighbours, Ile bee euen with him, and get you gone, or I sweare by the roodes bodie Ile laye you by the heeles.

Nas. Sing a catch, heres a faire catch indeed, sing til we catch colde on our feet, and bee cald knaue tyll our eares glowe on our heades, your worshippe is wise sir.

Mem. Dromio shake off a whole kennel of officers, to punish these iarring rogues, Ile teach them to stretch they dried sherpes guts at my doore, and to mocke one that stands to be maior.

Dro. I had thought they had beene sticking of pigs, I heard such a squeaking, I go sir.

Syn. Let vs be packing.

Nas. Where is my scabbards, euery one sheath his science.

Sad. A boys, on the shoomaker that made this boote for my fiddle, tis too straight.

Syn. No more wordes, twill bee thought they were the foure waites, and let them wring, as for the waggs that set vs on worke, wele talke with them. *Exeunt.*

Memphio, Dromio.

Dro. They be gone sir.

Mem. If they had stayed, the stockes shoulde haue staied them. But sirra, what shall we now doo?

Dro. As I aduised you make a match, for better one house be cumbered with two fooles than two.

Mem. Tis true, for it beeing bruted that eache of vs haue a foole, who will tender marriage to anie of them that is wise, besides fooles are fortunate, fooles are faire, fooles are honest.

Dro. I sir, and more than that, fooles are not wise: a wise man is melancholy for moone shine in the water, carefull building castles in the ayre, & commonly hath a foole to his heyre.

Mem. But what sayest thou to thy dames chafing?

Dro. Nothing but all her dishes are chafing dishes.

Mem. I would her tongue were in thy belly.

Dro. I had as liefe haue a rawe neates tongue in my stomacke.

Mem. Why?

Dro. Marie if the clapper hang within an inch of my heart, that makes mine eares burne a quarter of a mile off. Do you not thinke it would beate my heart blacke and blew?

Memp. Well patience is a vertue, but pinching is worse than any vice, I wil breake this matter to Stellio, and if he be willing, this day shall be their wedding.

Dro. Then this day shall be my libertie.

Mem. If Stellios daughter had beene wise, and by my meanes cosned of a foole.

Dro. Then sir Ile reuole, and dash out the braines of your deuises.

Memph. Rather thou shalt be free. *Exeunt.*

Speran-

Spe. Boy, this smoake is a token of some fire, I lyke not the lucke of it. Wherefore should these minstrelles dreame of a marryage?

Hal. Alas sir they rustle into euery place, giue credit to no such wordes.

Spe. I will to Prisius, I cannot be quiet, and in good time I meet him, God morow neighbor.

Pri. I cast the morrow in thy fate, & bid good night to all neighborhood.

Spe. This is your olde tricke, to pick ones purse & then to picke quarrels, I tell thee, I had rather thou shouldest rob my chest than imbesell my sonne.

Pri. Thy sonne, my daughter is seduced, for I heare say she is marryed, and our boyes can tell. How sayest thou, tell the truth or Ile grinde thee to pouder in my mill, Be they marryed?

Lin. True it is they were both in a church.

Pri. Thats no fault, the place is holy.

Half. And there was with them a prieste.

Spe. Why what place fitter for a prieste than a church?

Lin. And they tooke one another by the hand.

Pri. Tush, thats but common curtesie.

Half. And the prieste spake many kinde wordes.

Spe. That shewed hee was no dumbe minister. But what sayde they, diddest thou heare anie wordes betweene them?

Lin. Faith there was a bargaine during life, and the clocke cryed, God giue them ioy.

Pri. Villaine they be marryed.

Half. Nay I thinke not so.

Spe. Yes, yes, God giue you ioy is a binder, Ile quickly be resolud, *Candius* come forth.

Enter Candius.

Pri. And Ile be put out of doubt. Liuia come forth.

Liuia.

Spe: The micher hangs downe his head.

Pri. The baggage begins to blush.

Malf: Now begins the game.

Liu: I beleeue it will be no game for vs.

Spe: Are you marryed yong master?

Can: I cannot denie it, it was done so lately.

Spe: But thou shalt repent, it was done so soone.

Pri. Then tis bootlesse to aske you Liuia.

Liu: I, and needlesse to be angrie.

Pri: It shall passe anger, thou shalt finde it rage.

Liu: You gaue your consent.

Pri: Impudent gigiot, was it not inough to abuse me but also to belie me?

Can: You sir agreed to this match.

Spe: Thou braien face boy, thinkest thou by learning to persuade me to that which thou speakest. Where did I consent, when, what witnesse?

Can: In this place yesterday before Dromio & Rifio.

Pri. I remember we heard a contract between *Memphios* sonne and *Stellios* daughter, and that our good wils being asked, which needed not, wee gaue them, which hapted not.

Can: Twas but the apparell of Accius and Silena, we were the persons.

Pri: O villany not to be borne, Wast thou priule to this practise?

Liu: In a manner.

Pri. Ile pay thee after a manner.

Spe. And you oatemeale groate, you were acquainted with this plot.

Half. Accessarie as it were.

Spe. Thou shalt be punished as principal: here comes Memphio and Stellio, they belike were priuie, and all theyr heads were layde together to grieue our hearts.

Enter Memphio, Stellio.

Mem. Come Stellio, the assurance may be made to morrow, and our children assured to day.

Stel. Let the conueyance runne as we agreed.

Pri. You conuey cleanely in deede, it coosnage bee cleane dealing, for in the apparell of your children you haue conuaide a match betweene ours, which grieues vs not a little.

Mem. Nay in the apparel of your children you haue discouerd the folly of ours, which shames vs ouermuch.

Stel. But tis no matter, though they bee fooles they are no beggers.

Spe. And thogh ours be disobedient, they be no fools.

Dro. So now they tune theyr pipes.

Ri. You shal heare sweet musicke betweene a hoarse rauen and a schritch owle.

Mem. Neighbours, let vs not vary, our boyes haue playd theyr cheating partes, I suspected no lesse at the Tauerne, where foure foure knaues met together.

Ri. If it were knauery for foure to meet in a Tauerne, your wor. wot well there were other foure. worship

Stel. This villaine cals vs knaues by craft.

Lin. Nay truly I dare sweare hee vsed no craft, but meanes plainly.

Spe. This is worse, come *Half.* tel truth & scape the rod.

Half. As good confesse heere beeing trust, as at home with my hose about my heeles.

Dro. Nay

Dro. Nay Ile tell thee, for twill neuer become thee to vtter it.

Mem. Well out with it.

Dro. Memphio had a foole to his sonne which Stellio knew not, Stellio a foole to his daughter vnknowen to Memphio; to coosen eache other they dealte with theyr boyes for a match; we met with Lincio and Halfepenie, who told the loue betweene their masters children, the youth deeply In loue, the fathers vnwitting to consent.

Ri. Ile take the tale by the end; then wee foure met, which argued we were no mountaines, and in a tauern we met, which argued we were mortall, and euery one in his wine told his dayes worke, which was a signe we forgot not our busines, and seeing all our masters troubled with deuises, we determined a little to trouble the water before they dronke, so that in the attire of your children our masters wise children bewrayed theyr good natures, and in the garments of our masters children yours made a marriage; this all stoode vppon vs poore children and your yong children, to shewe that olde folkes may be ouertaken by children.

Pri. Heres a children in deed, Ile neuer forget it.

Mem. I will, Accius come forth.

Stel. I forgiue all, Silena come forth.

Spe. Neighbor, these things cannot be recald, therefore as good consent, seeing in all our purposes also we mist the marke, for they two will match their children.

Pri. Well of that more anone, not so sodainely least our vngratious youths thinke we dare do no other, but in truth their loues stirres vp nature in me.

Mem. Come Accius thou must be married to Silenena. How art thou minded?

Acc. What for euer & euer. *Mem.* I Accius, what els?

Acc. I

Acc. I shall neuer be able to abide it, it will be so tedious.

Stel. *Silena* thou must be betrothed to Accius, & loue him for thy husband.

Sil. I had as liefe haue one of clouts.

Stel. Why Silena?

Si. Why looke how he lookes.

Acc. If you will not another will.

Sil. I thanke you for mine olde cap.

Acc. And if you be so lustie lend me two shillings.

Pro. We are happie, we mist the foolish match.

Mem. Come you shall presently be contracted.

Dro. Contract their wits no more, they bee shronke close already.

Acc. Well father heeres my hande, strike the bargaine.

Si. Must he lie with me?

Stel. No Silena, lie by thee.

Acc. I shall giue her the humble-bees kisse.

Enter Vicinia.

Vic. I forbid the banes,

Ro. What doest thou thinke them rattes, and fearest they shall be poisoned?

Mem. You Vicinia, wherefore?

Vic. Hearken, about eighteene yeeres agoe I nurst thee a sonne Memphio, and thee a daughter Stellio.

Stel. True.

Mem. True.

Vic. I had at that time two children of mine owne, and being poore, thought it better to change them than kill them, I imagined if by deuice I coulde thrust my children into your houses, they should be wel brought vp in their youth, and wisely prouided for in their age,

nature wrought with me, and when they were weaned I sent home mine in sted of yours, which hetherto you haue kept tenderly as yours: growing in yeres I founde the children I kept at home to loue dearely, at first lyke brother and sister, which I reioyced at, but at length too forward in affection, which although inwardly I could not mislike, yet openly I seemed to disallowe: they increased in their louing humours, I ceased not to chastise them for theyr loose demeanors, at last it came to my eares, that my sonne that was out with Memphio was a foole, that my daughter with Stellio was also ynwise, and yet beeing brother and sister, there was a match in hammering betwixt them.

Mem. What monstrous tale is this?

Stel. And I am sure incredible.

Spe. Let her end her discourse.

Acc. Ile neuer beleeue it.

Mem. Holde thy peace.

Vic. My verie bowels earned within me, that I should be author of such vilde incest, an hinderance to lawfull loue, I went to the good olde woman *Mother Bumbie* to knowe the euent of this practise, who tolde mee this day I might preuent the danger, and vpon submission escape the punishment, hether I am come to claime my children, though both fooles, and to deliuer you both louing.

Mem. Is this possible, how shall we beleeue it?

Stel. It cannot sinke into my head.

Vic. This triall cannot faile, your sonne Memphio had a moale vnder his eare, I framed one vnder my childes eare by arte, you shall see it taken away with the iuyce of mandrage, beholde nowe for your sonnes, no hearbe can vndo that nature hath done, Your daughter

Stellio

Stellio hath on her wrist a moale, which I counterfeted on my daughters arme, & that shall you see taken away as the other. Thus you see I doe not dissemble, hoping you will pardon me, as I haue pitied them.

Memp. This is my sonne, O fortunate Memphio!

Stel. This is my daughter, more than thrice happie Stellio!

Mast. How happie is Mæstius thou blessed Serena, that being neither children to poore parents, nor brother and sister by nature, may inioye their loue by consent of parents and nature.

Ser. Soft, Ile not swap my father for all this.

Si. What do you thinke Ile be cosned of my father, me thinkes I should not, Mother Bombie tolde me my father knew mee not, my mother bore mee not, saltely bred, truly begot, a bots on *Mother Bomby*.

Dro. *Mother Bombie* tolde vs we should be founde cooseners, and in the end be colned by cosners, welfare *Mother Bomby*.

Ri. I heard *Mother Bomby* saie that thou shalt die a beggar, beware of *Mother Bomby*.

Pri. Why haue you all bene with *Mother Bomby*?

Lin. All, and as farre as I can see foretolde all.

Mem. In deed she is cunning and wise, neuer doing harme, but still practising good, seeing these things fall out thus, are you content Stellio the match goe forward.

Stel. I, with double ioye, hauing found for a foole a wife maide, and finding betweene them both exceeding loue.

Pri. Then to end all iars, our childrens matches shall stand with our good liking, Liuia inioy Candius.

Spe. Candius inioy Liuia.

Cæs. How shall we recompence fortune, that to our

loues hath added our patents good will?

Mast. How shall wee requite fortune, that to our loues hath added lawfulnesse, and to our poore estate competent liuing?

Mem. Vicinia thy fact is pardoned, though the law would see it punisht, wee be content to keepe Silena in the house with the new married couple.

Stel. And I doo maintaine Accius in our house.

Vic. Come my children, though fortune hath not prouided you landes, yet you see you are not destitute of friends, I shall be eased of a charge both in purse and conscience, in conscience, haue reuealed my lewd practise, in purse, hauing you kept of almes.

Acc. Come if you bee my sister its the better for you.

Sil. Come brother, me thinkes its better than it was, I should haue beene but a balde bride, Ile eate as much pie as if I had bene marryed.

Memp. Lets also forgiue the knauerie of our boyes since all turnes to our good haps.

Stel. Agreed, all are pleased nowe the boyes are vnpunisht.

Enter Hackneyman, Sergeant, Scriuener.

Hack. Nay softe takeys with you, and seeke redresse for our wrongs, or weele complaine to the Maior.

Per. Whats the matter?

Hack. I arested Memphios boye for an horse after much mocking, at the request of his fellowe wagges, I was content to take a bonde ioyntlye of them all, they had me into a tauerne, there they made me, the Scriuener, and the Sergeant dronke, paunde his mase for the wine, and seald mee an obligation nothing to the purpose.

ose, I pray you reade it.

Memp. What wags be these? Why by this bond you can demand nothing, and thinges done in drinke, may be repented in sobernes, but not remedyed.

Dro. Sir, I haue his acquittaunce, lette him sue his bonde.

Hack. Ile crie quittance with thee.

Ser. And I, or it shall cost me the laying on freelie of my mase.

Scri. And Ile giue thee such a dash with a pen as shall cost thee many a pound, with such a *Nouerint* as cheap side can shew none such.

Half. Doe your worst, our knaueries will renenge it vpon your children children.

Memp. Thou boy, we wil paie the hire of the horse, be not angrie, the boyes haue bene in a merrie cosning vaine, for they haue serued their masters of the same sorte, but all must be forgotten, now all are content but the poore fidlers, they shal be sent for to the marriage & haue double fees.

Dro. You need no more send for a fidler to a feast, than a begger to a fayre.

Stel. This daie we will feast at my house.

Mem. To morrow at mine.

Pri. The next day at mine.

Spe. Then at mine the last day, & euen so spend this weeke in good cheere.

Dro. Then we were best be going whilest euery one is pleasd, and yet these couples are not fully pleasde, till the priest haue done his worst.

Ri. Come Sergeant weele tosse it this weeke, and make thy mase arest a boild capon.

Ser. No more words at the wedding, if the maior shuld

know it, I were in danger of mine office.

Ri. Then take heed how on such as we are, you shew a cast of your office.

Half. If you mace vs, weele pepper you.

Ac. Come sister, the best is, we shall haue good cheere these foure dayes.

Lin. And be fooles for euer.

Si. Thats none of our vpseekings.

FINIS.

FINIS.